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L E T T E R

TO THE AUTHOR OF

CALUMNY DETECTED

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BRITISH MUSEUM

A LETTER, &c.

————— *We sat and wept,
While Sion we thought on.* Psal. cxxxvii.

S I R,

YOU will naturally suppose, that in this letter I mean to answer the ten pages of *able* argument, crowned with a *rhctorical* flourish, with which you have favoured the public.

THIS, however, is far from my intention. I will leave it to the Gentleman whose paper you have attacked to vindicate his own quarrel. No, Sir, it is my purpose to express how much I agree with you in sentiment, although I can easily perceive that your party and your principles are very opposite to mine. But I mean to confine myself to the last paragraph of your address; the tail of the paper kite, upon which you raise the fame of your Hero to Heaven.

So consonant are our sentiments, that there is nothing I more warmly desire than that your Hero "*shall meet with ample justice.*" And when you say, "*That day must come,*" I hold you not only a *priest*, but a *prophet*.—Nothing I more firmly believe, than that he will draw "*the tears of every Scotsman.*" But your *modesty* has postponed the æra of lamentation to too distant a period: For whereas you suppose that it is his *death* which will mark every Scotsman with tears, I again am of opinion it is *his life*; and that like DAVID, after the death shall happen, our tears will be dried up.

LET me then remark some of those events for which we are indebted to him; events which will put us to *double toil in earning*

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our bread*, and will make the tears to trickle down the furrowed cheek.

WE owe then to your Hero and the Ministry, whose champion he is, American measures, begun in violence, prosecuted without vigour; a load of debt, which is oppressive upon the subject, without effecting that purpose for which it was contracted—A tax upon Salt, a tax upon Lead, a tax upon Glass, a tax upon Wine, a tax upon Exciseable Goods, another tax upon Wine, another tax upon Exciseable Goods, a tax upon Houses, a tax upon Servants, a tax upon Wheel-carriages, a tax upon Posting, a tax upon Stamps, a tax upon Auctions, a tax upon Legacies, &c. &c. &c.: And encreasing exigencies demand further supplies, when the subject can no longer afford them; and when it will be the consequence of new taxes, to diminish the consumption without encreasing the revenue.

WE owe it to the measures which your Hero supports, that our countrymen, not in fifties, nor in hundreds, nor in thousands, but in whole fleets and armies are carried into captivity†—That others of them, perhaps still more unfortunate, are starving for want of provisions in St Helen's, at Quebec, and in the Indies—That others are called from a world, where they have left behind them, disconsolate parents, widows, or orphans; happy only in this, that they can no longer witness the disgrace and ruin of a country for which they have shed their blood.—And (unless the Divine Arm affords us a signal deliverance), that our *land of promise* is lost, that America is gone for ever!

Edin. Oct. 2. 1780.

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LUCIUS.

* *In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,* Gen. iii. 19. is the curse pronounced upon Adam: But now we are *curst doubly*.

† Witness the affair of Saratoga, and that of the outward-bound fleets.—